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CURRY-COMB  
FOR A  
COCKS-COMB:

O R,  
The Trip to Holland Detected.

*By the Author of the Trip to Jamaica.*

**A**S a true bred Mastiff walks with Patience thro' a Country Town, each whining Cur, in Emulation of his Greatness, runs Yelping at his heels, till at last provoked by the insolence of some forward Mungril, who being Ignorant of his Strength, and thoughtless of his Courage, attempts to bite him by the Breech, which occasions the disdainful Animal to turn back his Head and Grin; and when with Contempt he has view'd his feeble Adversary, he holds up his Leg and Scornfully Pisses upon his Trembling Assailant.

With as little Concern have I endured the Petulant Snarls, and envious Reproaches of some Deminutive Scribes, till now, without so much as showing them my Teeth.

But a Scurrilous Preface, by an Unmannerly Sauce-box, to a naked piece of Plagiarism, published under the Title of *A Trip to Holland*, I confess hath mov'd me, not only to do my Self; but the World this Justice.

As for the matter contain'd in his ill-bred Pamphlet, (so very Scandalous by its unreasonable Application) it is Stolen from Mr. Feltham Word for word; and is call'd by him, *Three Weeks Observation upon the Low Countrys*, and may be found, annex'd to his *Reflexes*, in any Booksellers-shop in Town.

Therefore the PUPPY his Chap (as his well bred Author calls him in his unfavoury Preface, which is of a far more Beastly Composition than his *Dutchman*) might have had so much respect for his Brude's Country, or that honesty towards the Publick, and have us'd that manner to a Gentleman, as not to have shew'd himself, by his publication of a paultery piece of Bombast, so very Impudent in the face of Authority, so Knavish to the Works, and Rude to a Stranger.

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LONDON Printed in the Year 1683.



I am sorry a Man who *deals in Books* should discover his Wit to be so little, or his Necessity so great, as to force him to the use of such unpracticable Measures, which every Prudent Author ought to Condemn, and every Honest Bookseller Detest.

Tho' the little shallow-brain'd Lampooneer (who could never before now extend his Mushroom Fancy above Ballad-dian height) hath foolishly suffer'd himself, in a Drunken Freak, to be carry'd beyond his Tallent; and venture, like an unskilful Swimmer, to wade out of his depth at his own peril: Yet, I thought, the Bookseller might have had more wit, than to Record himself such a PUPPY in Print; and lend himself to his Author, to use him as the worst piece of Rubbish of which he has compos'd his Dunghill of Reflections. I must confess, till now, I could not think there was such a Cocks-comb of the Trade.

The Author, in his filthy Quagmire of Nonsense, supposes the *West-India Poet* to be a Transport Fellow: But I am sure the *Dutch Observer*, in his pretended *Trip to Holland*, (patch'd up of as many bits and snips, and appears of as many Colours as a Fools Jacket) hath openly committed such a shameful piece of Theft, that he deserves Transportation into an *Island of Fools*, where he should have no opportunity of playing the *Ape* with any above the Curse of his own Capacity.

I would advise him for the future, to confine his Scurrilous and Obscene Dialect within its proper bounds; and never presume to attempt any thing beyond a *Bloody Murther*, *Bawdy Ballad*, or a *Last Dying Speech and Confession*. And I must needs take the liberty of giving him this Caution, Unless he wipe the Bird-lime off his Fingers, that they may no more stick to a Silver Tankard, or draw Books after them into *Duck-Lane*, to the disgrace of his Family, and scandal of the Purchasers, he may chance to fall into the hands of as scurvy a Poetaster as himself; and become the lamentable Subject of a doleful Ditty.

I hear, within two or three days, there will an Answer be Publish'd, as a check to his upstart Insolence. Who it is that thinks it worth their Labour I know not: I declare to the World it's none of mine, for I shall give my self no other trouble than this, without a further Provocation: But assure the Bookseller I'll not forget his kindness; and as for the Author, if this gentle Correction mend not his manners, the next shall be a Cudgel.

On Wednesday next will be Publish'd the Second Part of the *London Spy*.

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DR. L. Z.  
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